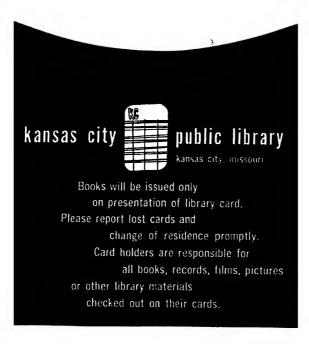
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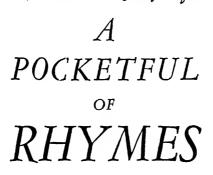
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A POCKETFUL OF RHYMES



Edited by KATHERINE LOVE



Illustrated by Henrietta Jones

Thomas Y. Crowell Company New York

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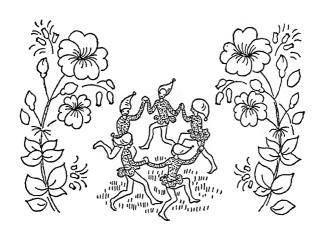
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THE ELVES' DANCE

Round about, round about
In a fair ring-a,
Thus we dance, thus we dance
And thus we sing-a,
Trip and go, to and fro
Over this green-a,
All about, in and out,
For our brave Queen-a.

Unknown

MIX A PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,
Catch it if you can.

Christina Rossetti

ALAS, ALACK

Ann, Ann!
Come! quick as you can!
There's a fish that talks
In the frying-pan.
Out of the fat,
As clear as glass,
He put up his mouth
And moaned "Alas!"
Oh, most mournful,
"Alas, alack!"
Then turned to his sizzling,
And sank him back.

Walter De la Mare

A SWING SONG

Swing, swing, Sing, sing,

Here's my throne, and I am a king!

Swing, sing, Swing, sing,

Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high, Here I fly,

Like a bird through sunny sky;

Free, free, Over the lea.

Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down, Up and down,

Which is the way to London Town?

Where, where? Up in the air,

Close your eyes, and now you are there!

Soon, soon, Afternoon,

Over the sunset, over the moon;

Far, far,

Over all bar,

Sweeping on from star to star!



No, no,
Low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe.
Slow, slow,
To and fro,
Slow—
slow—
slow—
slow—
slow.

William Allingham

THE OLD MAN'S TOES

```
Up the street,
Down the street,
My
     Joan
           goes----
(Mind you don't tread
     upon the
Old
     Man's
           Toes!)
She hops along the
     pavement
Into every Square,
But she mustn't touch
     the Cracks in
      between
Them
      There.
The Squares on the pavement
Are safe
           as can
                 be:
One is the Sands
By the side
           of the
                 Sea;
             [5]
```

```
One is a Garden where
Joan's
           flowers
                grow;
One is a Meadow
She
     and I
          know.
But the Cracks are dangerous,
As
     Everybody
                knows!
The Cracks in the Pavement are the
Old
     Man's
          Toes.
Any one who treads on the
Old
     Man's
          Corn
Will wish in a jiffy he had
Never
     been
          born!
For the Sea will roll up and
Suck
     you
          down!
            [6]
```

And a horrid blight will turn your Garden

brown!

And into the Meadow with an Angry

Moo

A Big Cross Cow will come Rushing

at

You!

Up the street and down the street My

Joan

goes---

Here she makes a Pudding, There she smells a Rose, Yonder she goes stooping where the Mushroom

grows---

(Mind, Joan! don't tread upon the Old

Man's

Toes!)

Eleanor Farjeon

ANTONIO

Antonio, Antonio,
Was tired of living alonio.
He thought he would woo
Miss Lissamy Lu,
Miss Lissamy Lucy Molonio.

Antonio, Antonio,
Rode off on his polo-ponio.
He found the fair maid
In a bowery shade,
A-sitting and knitting alonio.

Antonio, Antonio,
Said, "If you will be my ownio,
I'll love you true,
And I'll buy for you,
An icery creamery conio!"

"Oh, nonio, Antonio!
You're far too bleak and bonio!
And all that I wish,
You singular fish,
Is that you will quickly begonio."

Antonio, Antonio,
He uttered a dismal moanio;
Then ran off and hid
(Or I'm told that he did)
In the Anticatarctical Zonio.

TAXIS

Ho, for taxis green or blue, Hi, for taxis red, They roll along the Avenue Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-o'-Lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue,
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

Rachel Field

FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

'Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.'
'If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you.'

'I have a penny in my purse, And my eyes are blue; So ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do.'

'Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you.'

Christina Rossetti





MISS T.

It's a very odd thing-As odd as can be-That whatever Miss T. eats Turns into Miss T.: Porridge and apples, Mince, muffins and mutton, Jam, junket, jumbles-Not a rap, not a button It matters: the moment They're out of her plate, Though shared by Miss Butcher And sour Mr. Bate; Tiny and cheerful, And neat as can be, Whatever Miss T. eats Turns into Miss T.

Walter De la Mare



THE CUPBOARD

I know a little cupboard, With a teeny tiny key, And there's a jar of Lollypops For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear, As dark as dark can be, And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma, With a very slippery knee, And she's Keeper of the Cupboard, With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear, As good as good can be, There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops For me, me, me.

Walter De la Mare

AN EXPLANATION OF THE GRASSHOPPER

The Grasshopper, the grasshopper, I will explain to you:—
He is the Brownies' racehorse,
The fairies' Kangaroo.

Vachel Lindsay



THE FAIRY QUEEN

Come, follow, follow me,
You Fairy Elves that be;
Which circle on the greene,
Come, follow Mab your Queene.
Hand in hand, let's dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.



When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard, and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

Upon a mushroome's head Our tablecloth we spread; A grain of rye or wheat Is manchet, which we eat; Pearly drops of dew we drink In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm, lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Unknown



THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lakes,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,

Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham

THE FAIRY TAILOR

Sitting on the flower-bed beneath the hollyhocks
I spied the tiny tailor who makes the fairies' frocks;
There he sat a-stitching all the afternoon
And sang a little ditty to a quaint wee tune:

"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance upon the green,
But where shall I find me a robe for the Queen?"



All about the garden his little men he sent, Up and down and in and out unceasingly they went; Here they stole a blossom, there they pulled a leaf, And bound them up with gossamer into a glowing sheaf.

Petals of the pansy for little velvet shoon, Silk of the poppy for a dance beneath the moon, Lawn of the jessamine, damask of the rose, To make their pretty kirtles and airy furbelows.

Never roving pirates back from Southern seas
Brought a store of treasures home beautiful as these;
They heaped them all about him in a sweet gay pile,
But still he kept a-stitching and a-singing all the while:
"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance on the green,
But who shall make a royal gown to deck the Fairy
Oueen?"

Rose Fyleman





THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool Crept a wee Elf, Out of the rain To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, Sound asleep, Sat a big Dormouse All in a heap.

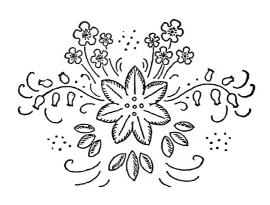
Trembling the wee Elf, Frightened, and yet Fearing to fly away Lest he got wet. To the next shelter— Maybe a mile! Sudden the wee Elf Smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool Toppled in two. Holding it over him, Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
'Good gracious me!

'Where is my toadstool?'
Loud he lamented.
And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

Oliver Herford



OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's to



WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
[There I couch when owls do cry.
[C'n the bat's back I do fly
[A ter summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

William Shakespeare



PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

Piping down the valleys wild, Piping songs of pleasant glee, On a cloud I saw a child, And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy songs of happy cheer:' So I sang the same again, While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read.' So he vanish'd from my sight, And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen, And I stain'd the water clear, And I wrote my happy songs Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake

THE PIPER

I had a willow whistle,

I piped it on the hill.

The grass reached up, the sky bent down,

And all the world grew still.

Now up, now down the rounded holes, My fingers fluttered light, And little notes came trooping out As thick as elves by night.

They turned themselves into a tune More clear than drops of dew, More sweet than almond trees, more soft Than clouds the moon slips through.

Oh, good it was to be alone—
To pipe there on the hill,
With bending sky, and reaching grass,
And all the world grown still.

Rachel Field

THE ECHOING GREEN

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.'



Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
'And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

William Blake

HEIGH-HO, APRIL!

Heigh-ho!
Let the wind blow!
Let the frost glitter, and let the rain flow!
Primula's peeping,
And scilla's done sleeping,
And daffodil's keeping the border aglow.
Buds on the lilac are starting to think,
Buds on the apple are stippled with pink,
Buds on the cherry are very near due,
Buds on the pear-tree have almost come through.

So heigh-ho!
Let the rain fall,
Let April shiver within a lace shaw!!
Wallflower is breaking,
And tulip is waking
And arabis shaking her snow on the wall.
Fan of the lupin is spread like a star,
Blade of the iris stands up like a spar,
Spear of the hyacinth shatters the shield
That hardened the bosom of garden and field.

Eleanor Farjeom

WHO CALLS?

- "Listen, children, listen, won't you come into the night?
- The stars have set their candle gleam, the moon her lanthorn light.
- I'm piping little tunes for you to catch your dancing feet.
- There's glory in the heavens, but there's magic in the street.
- There's jesting here and carnival: the cost of a balloon Is an ancient rhyme said backwards, and a wish upon the moon.
- The city walls and city streets!—you shall make of these
- As fair a thing as country roads and blossomy apple trees."
- "What watchman calls us in the night, and plays a little tune
- That turns our tongues to talking now of April, May and June?
- Who bids us come with nimble feet and snapping finger tips?"
- "I am the Spring, the Spring, the Spring with laughter on my lips."

Frances Clarke Sayers

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy, And the dimpling stream runs laughing by; When the air does laugh with our merry wit, And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green, And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene, When Mary and Susan and Emily With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade, Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread, Come live, and be merry, and join with me, To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'

William Blake



HERE WE COME A-PIPING

Here we come a-piping,
In Springtime and in May;
Green fruit a-ripening,
And Winter fled away.
The Queen she sits upon the strand,
Fair as lily, white as wand;
Seven billows on the sea,
Horses riding fast and free,
And bells beyond the sand.

Unknown

A PIPER

A piper in the street to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Door and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats coloured like flame.
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street to-day.

Seumas O'Sullivan

THE RIVALS

I heard a bird at dawn
Singing sweetly on a tree,
That the dew was on the lawn,
And the wind was on the lea;
But I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me!

I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me
That the dew was on the lawn
And the wind was on the lea!
I was singing at the time,
Just as prettily as he!

I was singing all the time, Just as prettily as he, About the dew upon the lawn, And the wind upon the lea! So I didn't listen to him, As he sang upon a tree!

James Stephens



GYPSIES

Last night the gypsies came— Nobody knows from where. Where they've gone to nobody knows, And nobody seems to care!

Between the trees on the old swamp road I saw them round their fire:
Tattered children and dogs that barked As the flames leaped high and higher;
There were black-eyed girls in scarlet shawls,

Old folks wrinkled with years,
Men with handkerchiefs round their throats
And silver loops in their ears.
Ragged and red like maple leaves
When frost comes in the fall,
The gypsies stayed but a single night;
In the morning gone were all—
Never a shaggy gypsy dog,
Never a gypsy child;
Only a burnt-out gypsy fire
Where danced that band so wild.

All gone and away, Who knows where? Only the wind that sweeps Maple branches bare.

Rachel Field

SING ALL YE JOYFUL

Sing all ye joyful, now sing all together! The wind's in the tree-top, the wind's in the heather; The stars are in blossom, the moon is in flower, And bright are the windows of Night in her tower.

Dance all ye joyful, now dance all together! Soft is the grass, and let foot be like feather! The river is silver, the shadows are fleeting; Merry is May-time, and merry our meeting.

J. R. R. Tolkien

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the gray trout lies asleep, Up the river and over the lea—
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest, Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest, Where the nestlings chirp and flee— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest, Where the hay lies thick and greenest; There to trace the homeward bee— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest, Where the shadow lies the deepest, Where the clustering nuts fall free— That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away Little sweet maidens from the play, Or love to banter and fight so well, That's the thing I never could tell. But this I know: I love to play, Through the meadow, among the hay Up the water and o'er the lea, That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg



THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring; I'll only stop to rake the leaves away (And wait to watch the water clear, I may): I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

Robert Frost

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun, Lived an old mother turtle and her little turtle one. "Dig," said the mother. "We dig," said the one; So they dug all day in the sand in the sun.

Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue, Lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two. "Swim," said the mother. "We swim," said the two So they swam all day where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow, in a hole in a tree, Lived an old mother owl and her little owls three. "Tu-whoo," said the mother. "Tu-whoo," said the three So they tu-whooed all day in a hole in a tree.

Over in the meadow, by the old barn door, Lived an old mother rat and her little ratties four. "Gnaw," said the mother. "We gnaw," said the four So they gnawed all day by the old barn door.

Over in the meadow, in a snug beehive, Lived an old mother bee and her little bees five. "Buzz," said the mother. "We buzz," said the five; So they buzzed all day in a snug beehive. Over in the meadow, in a nest built of sticks, Lived an old mother crow and her little crows six. "Caw," said the mother. "We caw," said the six; So they cawed all day in a nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow, where the grass grows so even, Lived an old mother frog and her little froggies seven. "Jump," said the mother. "We jump," said the seven; So they jumped all day where the grass grows so even.

Over in the meadow, by the old mossy gate, Lived an old mother lizard and her little lizards eight. "Bask," said the mother. "We bask," said the eight; So they basked all day by the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow, by the old scotch pine, Lived an old mother duck and her little ducks nine. "Quack," said the mother. "We quack," said the nine; So they quacked all day by the old scotch pine.

Over in the meadow, in a cozy wee den, Lived an old mother beaver and her little beavers ten. "Beave," said the mother. "We beave," said the ten; So they beaved all day in a cozy wee den.

Old rhyme

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

Christina Rossetti



DANDELION

O little soldier with the golden helmer, What are you guarding on my lawn? You with your green gun And your yellow beard, Why do you stand so stiff? There is only the grass to fight!

Hilda Conkling



THE FIELDS ARE SPREAD

The fields are spread like tablecloths Which the Moon puts to dry, And she has washed the high hilltops And whitened all the sky.

Now pale, serene, and weary, She glances round the night. Is every flower silver? Is each wild eyeball bright?

Elizabeth Coatsworth



THE FALLING STAR

I saw a star slide down the sky, Blinding the north as it went by, Too burning and too quick to hold, Too lovely to be bought or sold, Good only to make wishes on And then forever to be gone.

Sara Teasdale



THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky. He bites it, day by day, Until there's but a rim of scraps That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker. He kneads clouds in his den, And bakes a crisp new moon that . . . greedy North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!

Vachel Lindsay



ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out Through the blinds and the windows and bars; And high overhead and all moving about, There were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all, And the stars of the sailor, and Mars, These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries, And they soon had me packed into bed; But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes, And the stars going round in my head.

Robert Louis Stevenson

FOG

The fog comes on little cat feet.

It sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on.

Carl Sandburg

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads

The wind is passing by.

Christina Rossetti

APRIL RAIN SONG

Let the rain kiss you. Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops. Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.

The rain makes running pools in the gutter.

The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night—

And I love the rain.

Langston Hughes

DOWN THE RAIN FALLS

Down the rain falls, Up crackles the fire, Tick-tock goes the clock Neither lower nor higher—

Such soft little sounds
As sleepy hens make
When they talk to themselves
For company's sake.

Elizabeth Coatsworth

LITTLE RAIN

When I was making myself a game Up in the garden, a little rain came.

It fell down quick in a sort of rush, And I crawled back under the snowball bush.

I could hear the big drops hit the ground And see little puddles of dust fly round.

A chicken came till the rain was gone; He had just a very few feathers on.

He shivered a little under his skin, And then he shut his eyeballs in.

Even after the rain had begun to hush It kept on raining up in the bush.

One big flat drop came sliding down, And a ladybug that was red and brown

Was up on a little stem waiting there, And I got some rain in my hair.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

THE NIGHT WILL NEVER STAY

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky,
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon



CHECK

The Night was creeping on the ground! She crept and did not make a sound,

Until she reached the tree: And then She covered it, and stole again

Along the grass beside the wall!

—I heard the rustling of her shawl

As she threw blackness everywhere Along the sky, the ground, the air,

And in the room where I was hid! But, no matter what she did

To everything that was without, She could not put my candle out!

So I stared at the Night! And she Stared back solemnly at me!

James Stephens

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson



WHITE HORSES

Count the white horses you meet on the way, Count the white horses, child, day after day, Keep a wish ready for wishing—if you Wish on the ninth horse, your wish will come true.

I saw a white horse at the end of the lane,
I saw a white horse canter down by the shore,
I saw a white horse that was drawing a wain,
And one drinking out of a trough: that made four.

I saw a white horse gallop over the down,
I saw a white horse looking over a gate,
I saw a white horse on the way into town,
And one on the way coming back: that made eight.

But oh for the ninth one: where *he* tossed his mane, And cantered and galloped and whinnied and swished His silky white tail, I went looking in vain, And the wish I had ready could never be wished.

Count the white horses you meet on the way, Count the white horses, child, day after day, Keep a wish ready for wishing—if you Wish on the ninth horse, your wish will come true.

Eleanor Farjeon

THE BUCKLE

I had a silver buckle, I sewed it on my shoe, And 'neath a sprig of mistletoe I danced the evening through.

I had a bunch of cowslips,
I hid them in a grot,
In case the elves should come by night
And me remember not.

I had a yellow riband, I tied it in my hair, That, walking in the garden, The birds might see it there.

I had a secret laughter, I laughed it near the wall: Only the ivy and the wind May tell of it at all.

Walter De la Mare

CINDERELLA'S SONG

Oh, little cat beside my stool, My tabby cat, my ashy one, I'll tell you something in your ear, It's I can put the slipper on.

The cinders all will brush away, Oh, little cat beside my chair, And I am very beautiful When I comb down my hair.

My dress was gold, my dress was blue, But you can hardly think of that. My dress came to me through the air, Oh, little cinder cat.

My dress is gone a little while, My dress was sweet and blue and cool, But it will come again to me, Oh, little cat beside my stool.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

COACH

There was a yellow pumpkin Born on a pumpkin-patch, As clumsy as a 'potamus, As coarse as a cottage-thatch. It longed to be a gooseberry,
A greengage, or a grape,
It longed to give another scent
And have another shape.
The roses looked askance at it,
The lilies looked away—
"This thing is neither fruit nor flower!"
Their glances seemed to say.

One shiny night of midsummer,
When even fairies poach,
A good one waved her wand and said,
"O Pumpkin! be a coach!"
A coach of gold! a coach of glass!
A coach with satin lined!
If you should seek a thousand years,
Such you would not find.
The Princess in her crystal shoes
Eager for the dance
Stepped inside the pumpkin-coach
And rolled to her romance.

The roses reached out after it,
The lilies looked its way—
"O that we vere pumpkins too!"
Their glances seemed to say.

Eleanor Farjeon

THE NUT TREE

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut tree.
I skipp'd over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air
Couldn't catch me.

Old rhyme



THE KING OF CHINA'S DAUGHTER

The King of China's daughter
So beautiful to see
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg grove,—
I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

Edith Sitwell



TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court would peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal would summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And small and thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

Walter De la Mare

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold.
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

Old rhyme







SAILOR

My sweetheart's a Sailor, He sails on the sea. When he comes home He brings presents for me; Coral from China, Silks from Siam. Parrots and pearls From Seringapatam, Silver from Mexico, Gold from Peru. Indian feathers From Kalamazoo, Scents from Sumatra. Mantillas from Spain, A fisherman's float From the waters of Maine, Reindeers from Lapland, Ducks from Bombay, A unicorn's horn From the Land of Cathay— Isn't it lucky For someone like me To marry a Sailor Who sails on the sea!

Eleanor Farjeon

COUNTERS

To think I once saw grocery shops With but a casual eye And fingered figs and apricots As one who came to buy!

To think I never dreamed of how Bananas swayed in rain, And often looked at oranges Yet never thought of Spain!

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea—
For grocery shops were grocery shops,
Not hemispheres to me!

Elizabeth Coatsworth



BUNCHES OF GRAPES

- "Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
- "Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
- "A junket of cream and a cranberry tart For me," says Jane.
- "Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
- "Primroses pale," says Elaine;
- "A nosegay of pinks and mignonette For me," says Jane.
- "Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
- "Silvery wings," says Elaine;
- "A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay For me," says Jane.

Walter De la Mare



PEREGRINE WHITE AND VIRGINIA DARE

1620-1587

Peregrine White And Virginia Dare Were the first real Americans Anywhere.

Others might find it Strange to come Over the ocean To make a home,

England and memory Left behind— But Virginia and Peregrine Didn't mind.

One of them born On Roanoke, And the other cradled In Pilgrim oak.

Rogues might bicker And good men pray. Did they pay attention? No, not they. Men might grumble And women weep But Virginia and Peregrine Went to sleep.

They had their dinner And napped and then When they woke up It was dinner again.

They didn't worry, They didn't wish, They didn't farm And they didn't fish.

There was lots of work But they didn't do it. They were pioneers But they never knew it.

Wolves in the forest And Indian drums! Virginia and Peregrine Sucked their thumbs.

They were only babies. They didn't care. Peregrine White And Virginia Dare.

Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

1446? — 1506

There are lots of queer things that discoverers do But his was the queerest, I swear. He discovered our country in One Four Nine Two By thinking it couldn't be there.

It wasn't his folly, it wasn't his fault, For the very best maps of the day Showed nothing but water, extensive and salt, On the West, between Spain and Bombay.

There were monsters, of course, every watery mile, Great krakens with blubbery lips
And sea-serpents smiling a crocodile-smile
As they waited for poor little ships.

There were whirlpools and maelstroms, without any doubt

And tornadoes of lava and ink.
(Which, as nobody yet had been there to find out, Seems a little bit odd, don't you think?)

But Columbus was bold and Columbus set sail
(Thanks to Queen Isabella, her pelf),
For he said "Though there may be both monster and gale,

I'd like to find out for myself."

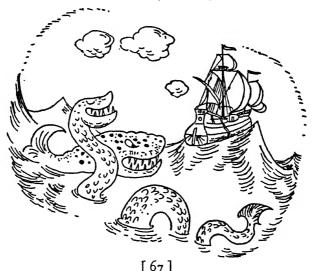
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed and he SAILED.

Though his crew would have gladly turned round And, morning and evening, distressfully wailed "This is running things into the ground!"

But he paid no attention to protest or squall, This obstinate son of the mast, And so, in the end, he discovered us all, Remarking, "Here's India, at last!"

He didn't intend it, he meant to heave to At Calcutta, Rangoon or Shanghai, There are many queer things that discoverers do. But his was the queerest. Oh my!

Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét



PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee! He was as wicked as wicked could be, But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see! The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat, But he had a floppety plume on his hat And when he went walking it jiggled—like that! The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash, And often as ever he twirled his mustache Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash, Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo, And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through Were a dagger, a dirk, and a squizzamaroo, For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was, he would shoot at a puff, And always at sea when the weather grew rough He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff, Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.



Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye, And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold, A curious chest that was covered with mould, And all of his pockets were jingly with gold! Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crook'd like a squash, But both of his boots made a slickery slosh, And he went through the world with a wonderful swash, Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.



It's true he was wicked as wicked could be, His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three, But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see! The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Mildred Plew Merryman



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S STORY

The night was thick and hazy
When the Piccadilly Daisy
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em;
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very tond of beetle pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather, as we travel,
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs, of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy,
We remain at home and study,—
For the Goat is very clever at a sum,—
And the Dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

Charles Edward Carryl

THE LITTLE COSSACK

The tale of the little Cossack,
Who lived by the river Don:
He sat on a sea-green hassock,
And his grandfather's name was John.
His grandfather's name was John, my dears,
And he lived upon bottled stout;
And when he was found to be not at home,
He was frequently found to be out.

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He sat by the riverside,
And wept when he heard the people say
That his hair was probably dyed.
That his hair was probably dyed, my dears,
And his teeth were undoubtedly sham;
"If this be true," quoth the little Cossack,
"What a poor little thing I am!"

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He sat by the river's brim,
And he looked at the little fishes,
And the fishes looked back at him,
The fishes looked back at him, my dears,
And winked at him, which was wuss;
"If this be true, my friend," they said,
"You'd better come down to us."



The tale of the little Cossack,—
He said, "You are doubtless right,
Though drowning is not a becoming death,
For it makes one look like a fright.
If my lovely teeth be crockery,
And my hair of Tyrian dye,
Then life is a bitter mockery,
And no more of it will I!"

The tale of the little Cossack,—
He drank of the stout so brown;
Then put his toes in the water,
And the fishes dragged him down.
And the people threw in his hassock
And likewise his grandfather John;
And there was an end of the family,
On the banks of the river Don.

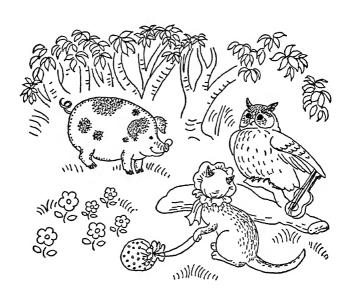
Laura E. Richards

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,

With a ring at the end of his nose.



"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince, Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields, and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond;
And I long to go out in the world beyond:
I wish I could hop like you,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo:
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack'
The whole of the long day through;
And we'd go the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea:
Please take me a ride! oh, do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,

"This requires some little reflection.

Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck:
And there seems but one objection;

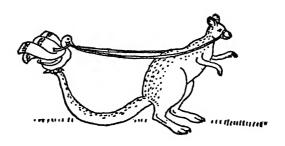
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,

Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the rooMatiz," said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sate on the rock,
I have thought over that completely;
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly;
And, to keep out the cold, I've bought a cloak;
And every day a cigar I'll smoke;
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo."

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready,
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail."
So away they went with a hop and a bound;
And they hopped the whole world three times round.
And who so happy, oh! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

Edward Lear



MRS. SNIPKIN AND MRS. WOBBLECHIN

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin,
With her little pipkin,
Sat by the fireside a-warming of her toes.
Fat Mrs. Wobblechin,
With her little doublechin,
Sat by the window a-cooling of her nose.

Says this one to that one,

"Oh! you silly fat one,

Will you shut the window down? You're freezing me
to death!"

Says that one to t'other one,
"Good gracious, how you bother one!
There isn't air enough for me to draw my precious

Skinny Mrs. Snipkin, Took her little pipkin,

breath!"

Threw it straight across the room as hard as she could throw;

Hit Mrs. Wobblechin
On her little doublechin,
And out of the window a-tumble she did go.

Laura E. Richards

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand;
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops Swept it for half a year, Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "That they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the Carpenter, And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."



"But not on us!" the Oysters cried, Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be A dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll

IN SAMARCAND

In silken, milken Samarcand,
There lived a prince so great and grand,
His neighbors dared not speak his name,
But he was known to foreign fame
As Sulki Mulki Bulki Beg,
The Sultan of the Silver Leg.

He loved a maiden sweet and rare; I'm told there was no maid so fair, In all the Oriental land, As Lovely Lil of Samarcand. But she had set her heart so fond On Tartar Tim of Trezibond.

Tartar Tim was trig and trim,
Fair of face and lithe of limb;
His heart was gay, his looks were airy,
He rode a piebald dromedary,
And he informed the Sultan grim
That Lovely Lil belonged to him.

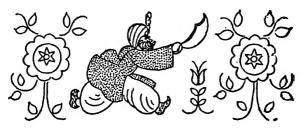
"Ha! say you so?" the Sultan cried.
"The day you claim her as your bride,
I'll cut you both in little pieces,
And give you to the jackal's nieces!
His nephews too; they both abound;
In fact, they're waiting, all around."

The Sultan set his twenty wives To sharpening his twenty knives; But while he thus was making ready, The Tartar and his lovely lady Were ambling, in converse fond, Along the road to Trebizond.

The dromedary was so swift
He took them there in half a jift.
Wedded they were with song and laughter,
And lived in bliss for ever after;
While Sulki turned his twenty knives
In fury on his twenty wives.

This simple tale I'd fain complete, But I have met with sad defeat. Search how I will, ask where I may, I cannot to this very day Find why great Sulki Bulki Beg Was Sultan of the Silver Leg!

Laura E. Richarda



THE WHITE KNIGHT'S BALLAD

I'll tell thee everything I can;
There's little to relate.

I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said.
"And how is it you live?"

And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

He said "I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
"Who sail the stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried "Come, tell me how you live!"
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale:

He said "I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil."

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
"Come, tell me how you live," I cried
"And what it is you do!"

He said "I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent of the night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

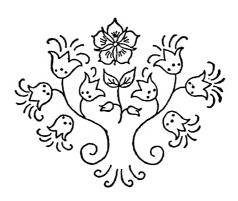
"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of hansom-cabs.
And that's the way" (he gave a wink)
"By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth.
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,

Whose hair was whiter than the snow, Whose face was very like a crow, With eyes, like cinders, all aglow, Who seemed distracted with his woe, Who rocked his body to and fro, And muttered mumblingly and low, As if his mouth were full of dough, Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening long ago
A-sitting on a gate.

Lewis Carroll



THE MAD GARDENER'S SONG

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realise," he said,
"The bitterness of Life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,
'There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-For 3
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he sits
The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
"Extinguishes all hope!"

Lewis Carroll

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.



But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
O please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a Corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Edward Lear

A LEGEND OF LAKE OKEEFINOKEE

There once was a frog,
And he lived in a bog,
On the banks of Lake Okeefinokee.
And the words of the song
That he sang all day long
Were, "Croakety croakety croaky."

Said the frog, "I have found That my life's daily round In this place is exceedingly poky. So no longer I'll stop, But I swiftly will hop Away from Lake Okeefinokee."

Now a bad mocking-bird By mischance overheard The words of the frog as he spokee. And he said, "All my life Frog and I've been at strife, As we lived by Lake Okeefinokee.

"Now I see at a glance
Here's a capital chance
For to play him a practical jokee.
So I'll venture to say
That he shall not to-day
Leave the banks of Lake Okeefinokee."

So this bad mocking-bird, Without saying a word, He flew to a tree which was oaky; And loudly he sang, Till the whole forest rang, "Oh! Croakety croakety croaky!"

As he warbled this song,
Master Frog came along,
A-filling his pipe for to smokee;
And he said, "Tis some frog
Has escaped from the bog
Of Okeefinokee-finokee.

"I am filled with amaze
To hear one of my race
A-warbling on top of an oaky;
But if frogs can climb trees,
I may still find some ease
On the banks of Lake Okeefinokee."

So he climbed up the tree;
But alas! down fell he!
And his lovely green neck it was brokee;
And the sad truth to say,
Never more did he stray
From the banks of Lake Okeefinokee.

And the bad mocking-bird Said, "How very absurd And delightful a practical jokee!" But I'm happy to say He was drowned the next day In the waters of Okeefinokee.

Laura E. Richards



THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and ream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About MY digestion —
ANYTHING does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
And no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
ANY PLACE does for me!

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
ANYWHERE does for me!



People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
'And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek,
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
ANY SHAPE does for me!

Charles Edward Carryl

THE YAK

As a friend to the children commend me the Yak. You will find it exactly the thing: It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back, Or lead it about with a string.

The Tartar who dwells on the plains of Thibet (A desolate region of snow)
Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,
And surely the Tartar should know!

Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,
And if he is awfully rich
He will buy you the creature—or else he will not,
(I cannot be positive which.)

Hilaire Belloc



THE MYSTERIOUS CAT

I saw a proud, mysterious cat,
I saw a proud, mysterious cat,
Too proud to catch a mouse or rat—
Mew, mew, mew.

But catnip she would eat, and purr, But catnip she would eat, and purr. And goldfish she did much prefer— Mew, mew, mew.

I saw a cat—'twas but a dream,
I saw a cat—'twas but a dream
Who scorned the slave that brought her cream—
Mew, mew, mew.

Unless the slave were dressed in style, Unless the slave were dressed in style, And knelt before her all the while— Mew, mew, mew.

Did you ever hear of a thing like that? Did you ever hear of a thing like that? Did you ever hear of a thing like that? Oh, what a proud, mysterious cat. Mew . . . mew . . . mew.

Vachel Lindsay

DUCKS' DITTY

All along the backwater, Through the rushes tall, Ducks are a-dabbling, Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails, Yellow feet a-quiver, Yellow bills all out of sight Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth Where the roach swim—Here we keep our larder, Cool and full and dim!

Every one for what he likes! We like to be Heads down, tails up, Dabbling free!

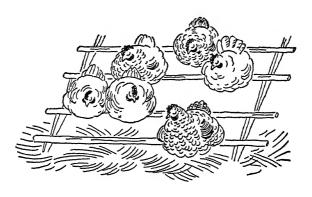
High in the blue above Swifts whirl and call— We are down a-dabbling Up tails all!

Kenneth Grahame

THE HENS

The night was coming very fast; It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church And all the hens were on their perch,



Up in the barn, and I thought I heard A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying, To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain, Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around, Her feathers made a ruffled sound, A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds, And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing, But nothing answered anything.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

FOR A COCK

Strutting cock, with swelling chest,
Stepping on your scaly legs
Past the warm and busy nest
Where the worried hens lay eggs,
Why do you, I'd like to know,
Strut and crow and swagger so?

Do you really think, I beg,

When the sun swims into view,

That it is a yellow egg

Which has just been laid by you?—

While your poor wives cackle tunes,

Only laying little moons.

Eleanor Farjeon

A BIRD CAME DOWN THE WALK

A bird came down the walk: He did not know I saw; He bit an angle-worm in halves And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew From a convenient grass, And then hopped sidewise to the wall To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad, —
They looked like frightened beads, I thought
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious, I offered him a crumb, And he unrolled his feathers And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean, Too silver for a seam, Or butterflies, off banks of noon, Leap, plashless, as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

FIREFLY

A little light is going by, Is going up to see the sky, A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it, To have a little bug all lit And made to go on wings.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

(Selection)

By the shores of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood the wigwam of Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis. Dark behind it rose the forest, Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees, Rose the firs with cones upon them; Bright before it beat the water, Beat the clear and sunny water, Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, Flitting through the dusk of evening, With the twinkle of its candle Lighting up the brakes and bushes, And he sang the song of children, Sang the song Nokomis taught him: "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,

Little, flitting, white-fire insect, Little, dancing, white-fire creature, Light me with your little candle, Ere upon my bed I lay me, Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE SNAIL

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall, The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall, As if he grew there, house and all Together.

Within that house secure he hides, When danger imminent betides Of storm, or other harm besides Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch, His self-collecting power is such, He shrinks into his house with much Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone, Except himself has chattels none, Well satisfied to be his own Whole treasure.

[110]

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads, Nor partner of his banquet needs, And if he meets one, only feeds The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind, He and his house are so combined, If, finding it, he fails to find

Its master.

William Cowper, translated from Vincent Bourne



LITTLE SNAIL

I saw a little snail
Come down the garden walk.
He wagged his head this way . . . that way . . .
Like a clown in a circus.
He looked from side to side
As though he were from a different country.
I have always said he carries his house on his back . . .
To-day in the rain
I saw that it was his umbrella!

Hilda Conkling

A DREAM

Once a dream did weave a shade O'er my Angel-guarded bed, That an emmet lost its way Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn, Dark, benighted, travel-worn, Over many a tangled spray, All heart-broke I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry? Do they hear their father sigh? Now they look abroad to see: Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropp'd a tear; But I saw a glow-worm near, Who replied: 'What wailing wight Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground, While the beetle goes his round: Follow now the beetle's hum; Little wanderer, hie thee home.'

William Blake

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly,
I like the way you wear your wings.
Show me their colours,
For the light is going.
Spread out their edges of gold,
Before the sandman puts me to sleep
And evening murmurs by.

Hilda Conkling

THE HORSES OF THE SEA

The horses of the sea
Rear a foaming crest,
But the horses of the land
Serve us the best.

The horses of the land
Munch corn and clover,
While the foaming sea-horses
Toss and turn over.

Christina Rossetti

WONDER WHERE

Wonder where this horseshoe went. Up and down, up and down, Up and past the monument, Maybe into town.

Wait a minute. "Horseshoe, How far have you been?" Says it's been to Salem And halfway to Lynn.

Wonder who was in the team. Wonder what they saw. Wonder if they passed a bridge—Bridge with a draw.

Says it went from one bridge Straight upon another. Says it took a little girl Driving with her mother.

Edna St. Vincent Millay





PRETTY COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made Pleasant milk to soak my bread, Every day and every night, Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank, Growing on the weedy bank; But the yellow cowslip eat, That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows, Where the bubbling water flows, Where the grass is fresh and fine, Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot! From the morn to the evening he strays; He shall follow his sheep all the day, And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call, And he hears the ewe's tender reply; He is watchful while they are in peace, For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

William Blake



THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here today, Or this were very long ago, There wouldn't be a winter time Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate, And go down along the pasture walk; And off beside the cattle barns I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain And pull away the wooden pin; I'd push the door a little bit And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens And all the cows would stand away; Their eyes would open wide to see A lady in the manger hay,

If this were very long ago And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled— I mean the lady would—and she Would take the woolly blankets off Her little boy so I could see.



His shut-up eyes would be asleep, And he would look like our John, And he would be all crumpled too, And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out. His little clothes would all be white. I'd slip my finger in his hand To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care," The mother, Mary, would, "Take care"; And I would kiss his little hand And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back The gentle talk would soon begin. And when I'd tiptoe softly out I'd meet the wise men going in.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide the stable door, Fair were the rushes on the floor; The Ox put forth a horned head: "Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the Sheep were folded near:
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town; With ox and sheep He laid Him down; Peace to the byre, peace to the fold, For that they housed Him from the cold!

Lizette Woodworth Reese

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,— When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow, Gave a luster of midday to objects below; When what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now, dash away, dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too. And then in a twinkle, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning around,



Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all covered with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow; The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath: He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly; He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself; A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread; He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose; He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Clement C. Moore



EX ORE INFANTIUM

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play Can you see me? through their wings?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray, And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way? And did they tire sometimes, being young, And make the prayer seem very long? And dost Thou like it best, that we Should join our hands to pray to Thee? I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue Has not changed since Thou wast young!

Francis Thompson

GRACE FOR LIGHT

When we were little childer we had a quare wee house,

Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn;

The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin' grouse,

An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,

An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just anywhere we might;

Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,

An' "God be thanked" she would say,—"now we have a light."

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,

An' think on One who called us to come and be forgiven;

Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,

"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heaven!"

There' a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day,

The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;

But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,

Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light.

Moira O'Neill

LULLABY

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe— Sailed on a river of crystal light, Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish That live in this beautiful sea; Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

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All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam—

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed

As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Eugene Field

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows, It calls but the warders that guard thy repose; Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott



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